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## HOME RULE AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

From the time when the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony ordered that a common school should be established in every town of fifty householders, at the expense of those householders, and fixed a penalty for non-compliance with this law, it has been the recognized duty of the State to see that the means of education are provided for its youthful citizens, and to make it impossible for any miserly or short-sighted local community to withhold the needed financial support. No principle is more firmly fixed in our practice than this, and none is more fundamental to our existence as a Federal Union of free democratic commonwealths. The advancing years have witnessed an extension of this principle undreamed of by the pioneers who first gave it a legal phrasing, but the embryo of all that we have grown into educationally is found in the Massachusetts law above mentioned. Education is the function of the State, not of the county or town, because it is a matter too essential to the common welfare to be left to the caprice of the locality. The small community may cut its coat according to its cloth in such matters of local concern as police and fire protection, road-making and street-paving, drainage and sanitation, because the neglect of these things has consequences which, however disastrous, are confined to a limited area; but a failure to provide suitable public education has effects so far-reaching that the State is bound to interpose, and to assert its paramount interest in the training of its future citizens.

This principle once granted (and we all grant it in the abstract), questions of the degree and kind of education become questions of the merest detail. Whatever system of public education the consensus of State opinion determines upon must be accepted, and in good faith provided for, by the local political units of which the State consists. If it range from the lowest elementary teaching to the highest university training, no section has a right to refuse its share of the burden. We used to hear much of the foolish argument that the local community, while bound to provide common schools, might or might not provide high schools at its own pleasure, as if this decision involved some fundamental principle, instead of being a minor aspect of the general question of State policy.

We hear little of that contention of late years, because it is too logically evident that mandatory support of common schools and of a State university makes provision for the intermediate period of education equally mandatory. But we still have many examples of local communities which, from motives of economy, sheltering themselves under the specious demand for home rule in educational affairs, seek to evade their full educational obligations. The principle of home rule is a sound one in all matters that concern local interests alone; in its relation to education, its legitimate sphere is strictly administrative, and it must not be permitted to hamper the declared policy of the commonwealth.

These considerations need particularly to be urged at the present time, because in the two largest cities of the country there are now in progress powerfully supported movements to make a most injurious application of the principle of home rule to school affairs. In both New York and Chicago, the attempt is being made to withdraw from the city schools the fundamental safeguards which the State has wisely established for the protection of public education against the ignorance or caprice of local politicians. In each case, the attempt is concealed in a plan for a new city charter, and is likely to escape the attention it should receive from the public because of the multiplicity of other matters with which it is associated. An issue of the first importance is thus in danger of being so befogged that serious mischief may be done before the public becomes aware that mischief is designed.

The situation in New York City may be briefly outlined. About ten years ago, a beneficent piece of legislation, known as the Davis law, was enacted at Albany. Its provisions assured the teachers of the metropolis, for the first time in their history, of adequate compensation, secure tenure, and suitable allowances after retirement. It transformed as by magic the whole educational situation, gave stability to the teaching profession, improved its *morale*, and inaugurated a new era of efficiency. The unspeakable demoralization of the former system of local control was done away with; the unrest of the past became an old, unhappy, far-off thing, and the members of the teaching force, no longer compelled to intrigue for retention or deserved promotion, no longer uncertain of what the coming year might bring forth for them out of the witch's cauldron of Tammany politics, were free to devote themselves to the legitimate duties of their profession. The wisdom of the

Davis law has been so abundantly justified by its effects that it would seem as if no rational person could desire its abrogation; yet at the present time a Charter Commission is doing its best to secure repeal, and to restore to the Board of Estimate its former power to determine from year to year, as the exigencies of local politics may dictate, the conditions of the teacher's existence in the public schools of the city of New York.

The present situation in Chicago is essentially the same, although the State safeguards, which it is now sought to remove, are of a widely different nature. In Illinois, these safeguards take the form, not of guaranteed minimum rates of compensation for individuals, but of a guaranteed minimum of the total appropriation for the purposes of the Chicago schools. Under the existing law, which is of many years' standing, a fixed percentage of the tax levy must be applied to educational purposes. The amount realized may go up or down with the annual assessment of taxable property, but the share is secured by law, and no part of it may be diverted to any other use. Without going into the details of a very complicated matter, we may say — and it is sufficient for our present purpose of making the situation clear — that the city Board of Education has a right, for current educational expenses (exclusive of the erection of school buildings) to five dollars for every four dollars that may be applied to the other purposes of city government from the annual tax levy. In order that this ratio may be properly understood, we must add that the city gets, from licenses and other sources outside the tax levy, approximately four dollars more in which the schools have no share. It may enlarge its special revenues indefinitely by various forms of indirect taxation, but it cannot intrench upon the educational fund. As a matter of form, the City Council makes the educational appropriation, which may be reduced if it wish, but since it cannot itself benefit by such a reduction, and since the full amount authorized by law is inadequate for the needs of the schools, this power of reduction is never exercised.

Two years ago a new city charter was adopted by the Illinois Legislature, but overwhelmingly rejected by a referendum vote. This charter gave the City Council full control over the apportionment of funds, and placed the Board of Education completely at its mercy. This provision was one of the chief reasons for the defeat of the proposed instrument of municipal government, and yet, with amazing fatuity, a charter embodying the same vicious principle is now again submitted to the Legislature and will very



likely again come before the voters. However great its merits in other respects, such a charter must be resolutely opposed by all the friends of public education. To put the schools at the mercy of the City Council, to remove from them the existing legislative safeguards respecting their share of the tax levy, would be to deal them the severest blow conceivable. No collateral benefits to other departments of the city government could outweigh or offset this evil. There can be no doubt whatever as to how the plan would work. The demands of the city government are insatiable, and the pressure exerted to enlarge the police force or the fire department, to increase the appropriations for the cleaning and the paving of streets, all of which things, and others, might so easily be done at the expense of the schools, would prove irresistible. Every year would witness a relative shrinking of the school fund, and a consequent retardation of educational development. There has not been a single year of the last twenty in which the Council would not have done this very thing had it possessed the legal power, in which it has not cast longing eyes at the school revenue lying so temptingly just beyond its reach. To give it, as the proposed charter contemplates, this long-coveted power would be the extreme of un wisdom.

We think it necessary to sound this note of alarm because the matter has been intentionally obscured by the sponsors of the pending charter legislation. They say a great deal about the importance of a unified administrative system and the consolidation of our local governments, and carefully refrain from explaining how radically their plan would affect the public schools. When the point is pressed upon them, they talk airily of increased revenues in which all departments would share, and affect injured surprise at the suggestion that the schools might not be generously dealt with. But the bird which our city education now has in the hand is worth several of the elusive songsters that may be imagined to lurk in the bush of the proposed charter. Whatever happens, the friends of our school system must insist upon retaining the present provision of a fixed fraction for school purposes, or, if this be not granted them, must reject, regretfully but firmly, the entire measure which would otherwise prove their undoing. We have no fear of the outcome if this vital matter can be brought squarely before the public eye, but we confess to no little fear lest the case go against the schools by default of that alert interest in their welfare which is now so imperatively needed.

### CASUAL COMMENT.

THE DISPARAGEMENT OF CURRENT LITERATURE, as compared with the literature of a more fortunate earlier time, seems to be as inevitable as teething in children or rheumatism in old age. In looking back at the early and middle Victorian era, when Tennyson and Browning were beginning to be known, and many lesser lights spangled the literary firmament, we are not wont to consider it an age devoid of illumination. And yet, opening "*Jane Eyre*," which appeared in the autumn of 1847, we find in the thirty-second chapter an almost tearfully regretful mention of the good old times. St. John Rivers had just brought Jane a copy of "*Marmion*" — "one of those genuine productions so often vouchsafed to the fortunate public of those days — the golden age of modern literature," comments the writer, and then continues: "Alas! the readers of our era are less favoured. But courage! I will not pause either to accuse or repine. I know poetry is not dead, nor genius lost; nor has Mammon gained power over either, to bind or slay: they will both assert their existence, their presence, their liberty and strength again one day." Curious indeed is it to observe how the same old mental attitudes, — despair of the present, backward glances of mournful regret at the past, and (though less invariably) hope of better things to come, — are assumed by one generation after another, with a *naïve* unconsciousness that there is nothing novel and nothing exceptional in the situation. But of such old stories ever new is human experience composed.

FRENCH LITERARY CRITICISM has long been regarded by other nations as a model in its kind. Of more than local interest, therefore, is the series of four public lectures delivered in Cambridge, in connection with his longer course to students, by Professor Abel Lefranc, this year's Hyde lecturer at Harvard. In his opening address he touched upon the three chief features of what he called the new or historical method in literary criticism. First, it seeks to reconstruct the circumstances in which a work of literature was produced; second, it studies sources and takes note of imitations; and "the third feature of the historical method is the search for real personal elements in the great writers. All works have been questioned as to their authors, and very few of the works have been mute. Whether it be d'Urfé, or Montaigne, or Rabelais, or Villon, or Ronsard, or Boileau, or the Abbé Prévost, some portion of the heart and soul has found a lodgement in the work. This questioning of the works for confidences, for indiscretions, it may be, about their authors, is only an expression of a taste and a passion for truth. . . . We are tending to isolate literature less and less from life and reality; as we connect them closer, and as we study literature more intelligently from this viewpoint, our literature grows in greatness in our eyes." This "third feature"

might well have been treated as first and foremost. If we take from the works of an author that which is distinctive and personal, how little of human interest and real importance remains!

A COUNTY'S GROWTH IN THE LOVE OF LITERATURE is remarkably illustrated by the literary awakening that has taken place within the last three years in Multnomah County, Oregon. The Portland Library Association (or public library, as it might better style itself) prints in its forty-fifth annual report some figures that reveal a hopeful state of affairs in that far-off corner of our great Northwest. The Association, supported by city and county alike, supplies reading matter to the farmer and the merchant, to the wood-hewer and the banker, without distinction of person. The librarian takes pleasure in announcing that this county work has passed its experimental stage, and now "it is no longer a question of devising ways to advertise the Library or to make its books attractive, but rather one of how to satisfy the clamor for more books. In 1905, the first year of county work, the circulation of books was 3,955, in 1906 it grew to 13,358, in 1907 to 37,521, and in 1908, still maintaining its rate of growth, it reached 58,169." Seven reading-rooms, fourteen deposit stations, and nine fire companies (the last item is a little perplexing to a stranger) are scattered throughout the county. This rural activity, controlled by a central library, has interested us and others of late; and it promises to produce excellent results in the more thinly populated sections of the country. The county library's usefulness in creating a demand for books would seem to be not inferior to the service it renders in supplying that demand.

THE LITERATURE OF THE LINOTYPE, the machine whose general introduction fifteen years ago was momentous to the newspaper-printing industry, has increased in vogue within that comparatively short period to an astonishing extent. In 1894, as we learn from a late issue of "Printers' Ink," there was consumed in the newspaper trade of this country an amount of paper weighing four hundred thousand tons, and only thirteen years later the figures had risen to thrice that annual tonnage. The daily newspapers increased from 1855 in number sixteen years ago to 2374 last year, with a considerable gain also in weeklies. The discontinuing of the wetting process preparatory to printing (we no longer dry our morning paper over the register) is another of the mechanical improvements that marked the adoption of the labor-saving linotype, while methods and ideals have undergone no less a transformation in the editorial and administrative departments. Is it surprising, with all these acres of more or less irresistibly attractive printed matter clamoring every morning to be bought at prices ranging from a quarter to half a cent per square yard, that the American bookstore is not quite so conspicuous a feature of the urban landscape as, for instance, the saloon, the cigar shop, and the ice-cream establishment?

MENANDER ON A MODERN STAGE constituted an event at Cambridge that was unique in the literal sense of that much misused adjective. "The Epitrepontes," the most considerable of the Menander fragments unearthed in Egypt four years ago by M. Gustave Lefebvre, was successfully staged and acted last month by the Classical Club of Harvard. Perhaps one should not say "staged," however, for the play was presented in a private house with a truly Greek simplicity in the matter of "properties"—with little, in fact, to hinder the imagination from transferring the scene to the primitive classic theatre of twenty-two centuries ago. The comedy itself is, of course, one of domestic intrigue, and seeks to amuse by the sprightliness of the dialogue in which the rather hackneyed plot is developed. Enough of the original remains—532 lines—to render the play intelligible and enjoyable; and the Greek department of the University was unsparing in its efforts to do the great comedy-writer justice. A small chorus executed the elementary dancing required, to the music composed for flutes by the late Professor Allen on the occasion of a Terence performance some years ago, and the ten actors acquitted themselves well. Plautus and Terence are no strangers to the modern stage; but Menander, their master and model, is now revived for the first time after his slumber of centuries.

THE ACTIVITY OF THE ATLANTA LIBRARY, which, by the way, is one of the numerous Carnegie libraries that shed their blessings on the just and on the unjust alike throughout our favored land, is strikingly illustrated by a few facts gleaned from the librarian's tenth annual report. For example, the circulation has increased more rapidly in the last twelve months than in any previous year, being 32,350 over that of 1907, and amounting to 164,600 in all. A rent collection, to appease the clamor for new fiction, was installed on the first day of June, and 699 volumes had been bought at the close of the year, at a cost of \$585.54. These volumes circulated 11,273 times, and the rent fee (one cent a day) exactly equalled in its total the amount spent in purchasing the books—a triumph in the fine art of making an institution exactly self-supporting, with neither surplus nor deficiency (unless this remarkable and beautiful coincidence is an error of the types). The year 1908 was the first year of a new librarian, Miss Julia T. Rankin; and it is safe (as well as complimentary to her) to infer that no small part of the library's increased usefulness is attributable to the energy and wisdom of the new administration.

HONOR AMONG PUBLIC LIBRARY PATRONS ought to be a matter of course; they ought to respect one another's rights. The old phrase, "honor among thieves," implies this mutual consideration in a much lower social stratum. Unregistered borrowings and law-forbidden mutilations are acts that sorely try the patience (to put it mildly) of a whole

community. In process of time, it may be hoped, there will be developed so universal and deeply-planted a sense of the entire unfitness of such outrages on the public that no person, with a grain of self-respect, will dream of violating the wholesome and necessary rules of the hospitably open free library, any more than one would now dream of poisoning a public well or wantonly vitiating the air of heaven. Encouraging in this connection is an announcement in the current report of the John Crerar Library that whereas in 1907 twenty-one books were lost from the open shelves of its reading-room, in 1908 only eight such losses were noted. Presumably, too, the use of the room was greater in the latter year, and perhaps also the number of books exposed. Let us make the most of all such signs of increasing honor and enlightenment.

A YOUTHFULLY ACTIVE VETERAN OF LETTERS, whom his many juniors and few contemporaries cannot but behold with admiration, as well as respect, and whom we have before paid tribute to in these columns, sets forth on the European tour, in his ninety-second year, apparently with all the zest and expectancy of a stripling, and with far more likelihood of turning his foreign experiences to good account, both for himself and for the world at large. Mr. John Bigelow departed for France last month to indulge once more his old and cultivated fondness for "doing Europe" — or at least some small part of it. Whether, on his return, he will have something new to tell us about Franklin in France, or some other contribution to make to biography or history, will appear in the sequel. Not even the elder Cato, with his octogenarian zeal for new enterprises — including the learning of Greek and the (less laudable) instigation of the third Punic war — and not even Dr. Martineau, with his greatest literary work executed in his nineties, are more worthy of admiration and emulation from the youngsters of seventy and under.

A RUBBISH-HEAP OF READING MATTER that no one has ever read or ever will read goes on piling itself up in Washington at a fearful rate. A committee of investigation has found nine thousand five hundred tons of accumulated government publications stored away at a cost of thousands of dollars yearly for storage. A railway freight train loaded with these useless volumes would extend some three miles in length. Is there another country in the world that prints so many unspoken speeches and unimportant reports? It is significant that the terms of the recent pension bill allow the pension printing to be done by private contract, this being more economical — less lavishly uneconomical, rather — than government printing. Curious and deplorable is it that while millions perish of hunger in India, and other millions undergo intellectual starvation the world over, this free and enlightened country spends millions of dollars in printing and illustrating and binding and storing books that nobody needs. No

one approves this foolish expenditure — except perhaps the recipients of the money spent, and probably not even these recipients in their lucid and honest moments.

THE ACUMEN OF AN ENGLISH CRITIC displays itself to the reader's wonderment in a recent review of President Eliot's "University Administration." The reviewer, whose article appears in one of the foremost London literary weeklies, gravely discusses the book as if it were from the pen of a hitherto unknown writer, a new light in the educational world, and one that it has been reserved to the reviewer to make known to the public; and for the further instruction of that public the conjecture is hazarded that Mr. Eliot is "presumably an American." Verily, the Dutch have taken Holland. Had it but been possible for Dr. Eliot to gratify the desire of his fellow-countrymen by accepting the English ambassadorship, our London reviewer might, by some lucky chance, have discovered that his conjecture was correct. As it is, he is likely to go to his grave with no more definite knowledge of one Charles W. Eliot than that he is "presumably an American."

A STRENUOUS LIBRARIAN (for such there are in the library-world) is lost to us in the death of Dr. James H. Canfield, for many years prominent in the educational and especially the college world, and for the last ten years at the head of the Columbia University Library. For robust vigor and personal force few librarians are to be compared with him. Those who have ever seen him on the speakers' platform or met him in personal intercourse will retain this impression of abounding vitality. We remember the applause of mirth and approval that greeted one of his utterances before a university graduating class some years ago, when he assured the young hopefuls before him that if they wished to succeed in life it must be quite as much by perspiration as by aspiration; and he mopped his steaming brow as the sun poured in on him that hot June afternoon. It was he, by the way, who proposed, not long ago, a plan that might be called the syndicating of our public libraries for their mutual benefit and the advantage of the public — a scheme that, not wholly to our regret, still slumbers in the embryo.

GEORGE HERBERT, AS THE ORIGINATOR OF FLETCHERISM, under another name, is doubtless less well-known than George Herbert the early seventeenth-century poet. According to Professor George Herbert Palmer, a recognized authority in matters concerning his great namesake, Herbert's "Hygiasticon," which in turn is the offspring of Luigi Comaro's "Trattato della Vita Sobra," teaches the principles of Fletcherism, three centuries before Mr. Horace Fletcher's time. Yet it may very well be that Mr. Fletcher had never read or even heard of the "Hygiasticon" when he wrote his little book on the art of correct mastication; and the Harvard



professor's perhaps rather unkind disclosure of its existence and its nature only illustrates anew an old saw too familiar to call for repetition here. But whether we Herbertize or Fletcherize our daily bread, the hygienic effect will probably be the same.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

#### COPYRIGHT AND THE IMPORTATION PRIVILEGE

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the summary presented in the April 1 number of THE DIAL of the changes in the copyright law that will go into effect under the new statute, the opinion is expressed that the privilege of importing, irrespective of the permission of the owner of the copyright, copies of books which have secured copyright in the United States should not be restricted to libraries, associations, and individuals, as is the case under the new statute, but should be extended also to booksellers.

The provision as it now stands concedes practically to all the citizens of the United States, excepting only booksellers, the privilege of being placed outside of the ordinary and logical restrictions of copyright law.

If your view of the matter should have prevailed, or if, with any future reshaping of the law, such an extension might be brought into force, there might well be question as to the character or the value of the property that came into the hands of the publisher who made purchase, from the producer, of an American copyright.

The privilege of importing, irrespective of the permission of the owner of the copyright, foreign editions of books that have secured American copyright, is of course entirely inconsistent with the principle and practice of copyright law. In no country other than the United States has the attempt ever been made thus to restrict and undermine the value of copyright property. In the United States, the several copyright statutes that had been in force prior to 1891 were consistent in this matter of securing for the owner of the copyright, and for his assign, the exclusive control of the book or other article copyrighted.

The provision in the existing law (which has been copied into the new statute) under which the privilege of importing such copyrighted books, irrespective of the permission of the owner or of the assign, is accorded practically to everybody who is not a bookseller, was interpolated into the act of 1891 during the last hours of the session.

The law of 1891 had been the subject of discussion for a period of five years. At no time during those discussions was any suggestion made that in conceding, under reciprocity provisions, copyright to authors who were citizens or residents of other states, those authors should not be placed in a position to transfer to their assign, the American publisher, the full control of a copyrighted work.

Under present conditions, when an American publisher divides with an English publisher a publication originating in Great Britain, or a series of an international character contributions for which are secured from all parts of the world, the English publisher obtains, under the British law and under the provisions of the Berne Convention, the full control and advantage of the editions brought into print by himself, for

Great Britain, for the British Empire, and for Europe. He also secures, under the inconsistent provisions of the American law, the right to distribute copies of his editions throughout the United States, a right of which he is naturally availing himself to an increasing extent from year to year.

The American publisher, on the other hand, is entirely excluded from Great Britain and from Europe, and secures in his own market not the exclusive control, which is the theory of copyright law, but simply the privilege of selling in competition with the English publisher.

Such an operation of the law works injustice and, necessarily, discourages international publishing arrangements and joint publishing undertakings. It constitutes what might be called "boomerang" protection, — that is to say, it is a specific advantage given by American law to a foreign competitor.

The American publisher does not ask for any special privileges. He does ask, and he has a right to secure, under any civilized system of copyright, the control of the property that he purchases and in which he is called upon to make investment. The American reading public has, apart from the matter of doing justice to the American publisher, a direct interest in securing an equitable and consistent copyright law. It is important for the literary and higher educational interests of the country, and for the requirements of American book-buyers, that the business of producing American editions of books originating abroad, shall be encouraged. It is also important for the same interests that the business should be encouraged of bringing into publication international series the contributions for which shall be secured from all parts of the world. The American reader is entitled to the best that there is in the matter of science or literature. This can be secured only if the production of American editions of international series can be furthered. Under existing conditions, the publication of such series and of American editions of transatlantic books is, of necessity, discouraged.

I may give as an example the "Cambridge History of English Literature." The publishers are called upon to make in the production of the American edition of this work an investment that will amount to some thirty thousand dollars. The work, from its compass and character, must depend for its chief demand upon libraries, or upon the wealthier of individual buyers, those who are likely to have connections and accounts on the other side of the Atlantic. A large portion, and an increasing portion, however, of the American demand for this set is being supplied, through London purchasing agents, with copies of the English issue. This is not because the English issue is more attractively printed, for the typography of the American volume is more satisfactory. The difference in price is but trifling. The librarians, however, who have standing arrangements with purchasing agents in London, find it an inconvenience to instruct these agents to except from their shipments books which are being produced in copyrighted American editions, while the purchasing agent is, naturally, interested in making his shipments as large as possible. As a result of such standing instructions, it is frequently the case that the American librarian purchases the English edition of a work at a considerably higher price than he would pay for an American edition equally attractive in form, and often better suited for the needs of the American market.

It is, however, quite in order that in the cases in which



a purchaser, whether a librarian or an individual buyer, prefers the transatlantic to the American edition, he should be placed in the position to secure such transatlantic issue. Under the American law back of 1891, there was no difficulty, and under the present English statute, there is no difficulty, in importing, *under the permission of the owner of the copyright*, copies of the transatlantic edition. Such an order can be placed either directly with the publisher controlling the copyright, or with any intelligent bookseller, whose importation is then made through the publisher. Such an arrangement would meet your suggestion that a customer who may not have a transatlantic account should be placed in a position to purchase, through a bookseller, a copy of the English issue, securing the same privilege that is accorded to the individual who happens to possess an account in London. The only requirement made under a consistent and equitable copyright law is that the importation must be made through the publisher to whom has been assigned the American copyright.

There is no little confusion in the mind of the public generally, and of their representatives the legislators, in regard to this matter of a consistent and equitable copyright, a copyright that shall carry out the expressed purpose of copyright law, — the furthering of literary production.

Those who are interested in the work of bringing the United States in this matter of copyright into line with the other civilized states of the world, are naturally anxious that the influence of a journal like THE DIAL should not be given to furthering a confused understanding of the nature of copyright or of the actual working of copyright law with reference to the interests not only of authors and of publishers, but of the book-buying community.

As an appendix to this communication I quote an opinion that has come to me from Mr. L. E. Scaife, one of the leaders of the Suffolk Bar (Boston) in regard to the right on the part of the owner of a copyright, or of an assign, under the English and American statutes, to control the matter of importations of the copyrighted article.

"Since the year 1710, nobody but the owner of the English copyright of book has had the right to import into England such copyrighted book without the written consent of such owner; and from 1790 down to the passage of the United States Statute, of 1891, nobody but the owner of the United States Copyright of a book had the right to import into the United States such copyrighted book without the consent of the owner. The United States law concerning importation was so clearly adapted from the English statute of 1710 that the English decisions have of necessity been given great weight in the American courts. . . . The provisions of the act of March 3rd, 1891, ought to be interpreted in connection with the entire history of the copyright law of the world."

GEO. HAVEN PUTNAM.

New York, April 6, 1909.

#### THE COST OF CIRCULATING A LIBRARY BOOK. (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The extent of THE DIAL's circle of readers would seem to justify some comment on your recent remarks, even assuming that they were "writ sarcastic," on the cost of circulating a library book.

Whereas it would undoubtedly be possible to obtain the actual cost, I know of no library in which it is done. For the most part, critics divide the total expenditures by the number of volumes circulated, and quote the result as the cost per book. Some, endeavoring to be

fairer, divide the amount spent on salaries by the volumes circulated, and quote the result thus obtained as the cost.

Both methods are plainly inaccurate. The first system charges up as part of the cost of circulating a book the upkeep of grounds, lecture courses, and reference work; also the cost of the books themselves. When this last item is included the library that circulates technical books that average between \$3. and \$4. each, makes an infinitely worse showing than the library that circulates the "Duchess" books, which cost between 30 and 40 cents each. The second method is faulty because a library's salary list includes the salaries of persons connected solely with regular reference work, attendants for the bulk of the books on stacks which are rarely circulated, and cataloguers and bibliographers. Again, as it costs more to engage cataloguers who can catalogue Incunabula than it does to hire those who can handle the "Duchess," the higher the class of books accumulated by the library the worse its comparative showing. Or take the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution. Printed analytical cards for the 1907 volume cost \$1.16; the clerical labor in accessioning, preparing the book for the shelves and filing the cards would not be less than 25 to 35 cents, so that the total cost of cataloguing such a book is nearly \$1.50.

Many libraries, too, when books that are called for are out, reserve them, and send postal notices when they are returned, without charge. Each such case adds one cent to the cost of circulation, in addition to necessary clerical work.

A branch library in Philadelphia, of which I had charge, circulated over 300,000 volumes at a cost, if figured by the first method, of about four and one-half cents. That was remarkably low, but the cost of administration in a branch library is always proportionally lower than that in a regular library. This library last year circulated over 150,000 volumes, and as its total expenses were less than \$7,200 the cost per volume circulated, figured by the first method, was about four cents. But last year was its first year of operation, and in addition to its reference work not being fully developed, repairs to plant, bindery bills and replacements were lower than they can ever be in the future. As increased reading and research work is done in the building the cost of operating the library as compared with the number of volumes circulated will increase — and we are looking forward to such development.

One word more. A Children's Room over which I had charge at one time had but 2,500 volumes, yet it circulated annually over 60,000 volumes, a turnover circulation of 24. On no day throughout the year were there more than 800 volumes in the library at one time, so that there was little shelving to keep in shape, while the room itself was small, with but three tables. The cost of administration was so low that it probably was a record breaker, but it should not be quoted, because neither sufficient books nor adequate facilities were provided for the children.

Does it not seem that the discussion of circulation costs, as at present figured, is really not only useless, but likely to do much harm to libraries that are endeavoring to put more useful and therefore more expensive books in the hands of their readers?

O. R. HOWARD THOMSON

The James V. Brown Library,  
Williamsport, Pa., April 7, 1909.

### The New Books.

#### CHINESE WOMEN AND CHINESE WAYS.\*

Little by little, through the letters and diaries of missionaries and travellers, the western world is becoming better acquainted with that vast domain of the mysterious, the unexpected, the bewildering, and the anomalous, the Chinese Empire. But it will be long ere the mammoth puzzle is so completely solved as to lose its charm for lovers of the novel, the curious, and the baffling. Mrs. Conger, widow of our late Minister to the Court of Peking, writes her "Letters from China" with all the zest, all the fresh curiosity, of an intelligent and observant woman visiting new and, in some instances, startling scenes for the first time. The character of her book, and its claims upon our serious attention, may be indicated by a few explanatory sentences from her "Foreword."

"From my entrance into China, on through seven years, I worked with a fixed purpose to gain clearer ideas. To avoid all formalities and to simplify the recording of events, I have chosen, and here present, some of my private letters written to our daughter, sisters, nieces, and nephews. In these letters many heart-stories are told. May each letter carry a ray of light into the hearts of its readers, and reveal a little of the real character of the Chinese as it has been revealed to me. Our experiences in China were unique and extreme in many ways. Through the smaller and larger avenues of the almost iron-clad customs of China I was permitted to pass and to enter places where I beheld many wonderful things. That others may look upon a modified panorama of these views and help to correct the widespread and erroneous ideas about China and her people, I present this letter compilation."

It is but natural that the women of China, and especially the most conspicuous woman of her time, the late Empress Dowager, should have most interested this American sojourner. "The many conversations awarded me with Her Majesty," writes Mrs. Conger, "revealed much of the concealed force and value of China's women. Ignorance of these qualities has brought a pronounced misrepresentation of China's womanhood."

Early in 1898 Mr. Conger was called upon to transfer his diplomatic services from Brazil to the far East, and in the summer of that year we find his wife writing her first impressions of things Asiatic from the American Legation at Peking. She had learned from her Brazilian experience that, to learn to understand a foreign

country and to breathe its atmosphere, one must not constantly carry one's home with one, and hug the pleasing notion of American superiority to all other nations. She descended from her imaginary height "with the determination to seek with open eyes and a willing heart," and found herself amply rewarded. An autumn outing that took the form of a visit to the Great Wall gives occasion for the following cheerful observations:

"Such a happy ride! On our way we saw many hundreds of fine camels; these camels rest during the day and travel with their packs at night. The prosperity of the country was shown by the fine flocks of sheep, in the hundreds of mules laden with wool, hides, tea, fruits, grain, fodder, cotton, and other commodities. We met pack-cattle from Mongolia with red-faced Mongol drivers. We also met a number of mule litters, a few carts drawn by mules, and many men riding on donkeys. All were bent on business, and we were forcibly impressed with the fact that the Chinese do not seek their pleasure in travel. This well-kept road is a direct pass over the mountains from Peking to Mongolia and Russia."

An event of considerable importance is chronicled in an early page. Mrs. Conger formed one of a party of foreign ministers' wives who were the first women from the outer world to visit the imperial court and to be received by the imperial majesties. December 13, 1898, was the epochal date of this sublime function, and the account of it, too long to reproduce here, is worthy of the occasion. Concerning the Empress Dowager herself, the centre of interest throughout the gorgeous pageant, we read:

"She was bright and happy and her face glowed with good will. There was no trace of cruelty to be seen. In simple expressions she welcomed us, and her actions were full of freedom and warmth. Her Majesty arose and wished us well. She extended both hands toward each lady, then, touching herself, said with much enthusiastic earnestness, 'One family; all one family.'"

Upon the death of this masterful woman a few months ago, Mrs. Conger wrote an appreciation of her character, and from this obituary eulogy, which is printed as an "Afterword" to her narrative, a few sentences may here be quoted. They are of value as coming from one who was admitted to "an acquaintance that grew into friendship."

"Her Majesty's keen perception knew the nations, and she often spoke to me with deep appreciation of America's attitude toward China. . . . For forty-seven years this able woman has stood at the head of the Chinese Empire, and strong men have given their support. In a land where woman has had so little official standing, Her Majesty's achievements make her ability and strength more pronounced; and China, surely, must be jealous for this reign in the sight of other nations. . . . Through this woman's life the world catches a

\* LETTERS FROM CHINA. With Particular Reference to the Empress Dowager and the Women of China. By Sarah Pike Conger (Mrs. E. H. Conger). With eighty illustrations from photographs, and a map. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

glimpse of the hidden quality of China's womanhood. It savors of a quality that might benefit that of the Western World."

In one of her earlier letters Mrs. Conger says that "the honor of woman is her child-bearing, and the more boys the greater the honor. The better classes of Chinese women never see foreign men and seldom meet men of their own people. I am told that they do not labor; a noble life-work is done if they bear even one or two children." As to those who do labor, the servants of both sexes, she has much to say, chiefly commendatory.

"I never knew such wonderful servants in my life; they are quiet, gentle, kind, and willing. Each knows his own work and does it. . . . The Chinese are quiet and accurate in their methods. They handle large columns of figures, make delicate calculations, and no amount of confusion or jostling disturbs them; they work calmly on and seldom make mistakes. In Japan and in the foreign concessions I noticed that the banks employ the Chinese for their most important detail work. When in one of the large banks, I asked why the Chinese were employed in these responsible positions. The reply was: 'The three principal reasons are that they are honest, self-possessed, and accurate. They move so quietly that we are astonished at what they accomplish.'"

The Boxer disturbances, falling within the period of Mr. and Mrs. Conger's residence in Peking, afforded material for many anxious entries in the diary kept by the wife during that trying time, when communication with the outside world was almost entirely suspended and the long days of harrowing suspense dragged slowly by. For weeks every entry in this diary must have been made with little expectation that it would be followed by another. The wonder is that the writer, distracted by so many other claims on her time and attention, and with an intermittent hail of bullets and cannon-balls dealing death on every side, could have commanded sufficient composure to carry on her journal of horrors. But the besieged, even those of the weaker sex, have done this before, as at Lucknow, at Ladysmith, and at many another place stormed at by shot and shell and in momentary expectation of the worst. After the concentration of the foreign ministerial personages and their servants, dependants, and military forces within the fortified enclosure of the British Legation, Mrs. Conger recorded, when the agony was at its height, the following incident:

"The other day I said to a scholarly Chinese, 'Will you help to fill these sand bags?' He replied, 'I am no coolie.' Then I in turn said, 'I am no coolie either, but we must all work here and now. I will hold the bag and you come and shovel the sand.' I took a bag and a Russian-Greek priest stepped forward and filled it. He

spoke no English and I no Russian, but we both understood the language of the situation. Other people rallied about us, and we soon stepped aside. Our work was finished. This scholarly Chinese was of the American Legation's staff helpers. As rank is so respected in China, and as the Chinese do not wish to degrade the ranks, this man, from his point of view, could not fill sand bags. Mr. Conger talked with him, saying, 'Your life as well as ours is to be protected here, and you must do your part or we cannot feed you.' The man was in hiding three days. As our coming troops did not come, and he was near to starvation, he came to the front, willing to do what he could."

Still more vividly is the peril depicted in an earlier passage, from which a brief extract solicits space for insertion.

"This morning three quarts of bullets were picked up that the enemy had fired into the American Legation. They are to be melted and made into balls for the big gun belonging to the Italians. All the temple candlesticks, vases, images, in fact everything that can be melted, have been gathered and moulded into ammunition. . . . A large iron ball just fell below our window, but it did no harm. The ball is still warm. Another, at least six inches in diameter, went whizzing through the walls of the British Minister's dining-room. Fortunately it passed near the ceiling, so it did no damage aside from knocking off a corner of the frame of Queen Victoria's portrait. The Chinese are firing their big guns by far too much for our comfort."

Among the now somewhat numerous published diaries and letters and reminiscences of diplomats' wives — which have a way of being much more agreeable and sprightly reading than their husbands' official despatches — Mrs. Conger's volume is worthy of a high place. In range of observation and in fluency of descriptive narration she is not unlike Madame Waddington, also an American by birth and breeding. The photographic illustrations of persons and places are generous in number and excellent in workmanship, and combine well with the handsome style of the book and its large, clear type to make it a very attractive volume.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### THE RIGHT ARM OF THE CONFEDERACY.\*

Dr. White's volume on Stonewall Jackson is one of the "American Crisis Biographies," in which Bruce's life of Robert E. Lee has already appeared; these being the only two Confederate generals included in the series. The present volume follows the bad practice of omitting the date of publication from the title-page — a fault that is continued in the bibliography, which fails to give the date of publication, as well as the name

\* STONEWALL JACKSON. By Henry Alexander White, A.M., Ph.D. "American Crisis Biographies." Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.



of the publisher, of books to which reference is made. The bibliography is fairly complete, but although giving Colonel William Allan's "Jackson's Valley Campaign" (1880), it omits his "Army of Northern Virginia in 1862" (1892), the best work that has been published on this campaign, Colonel Henderson's excellent life of Jackson not excepted; it also omits Hotchkiss and Allan's book on Chancellorsville (1867), the first complete account of this notable battle that was published after the war. Whoever compiled the index to Dr. White's book has been guilty of the error of confusing the references to two officers, General Richard B. Garnett, commanding the "Stonewall Brigade" in the battle of Kernstown, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas S. Garnett, 48th Virginia regiment, commanding the second brigade of Jackson's division at the battle of Cedar Mountain. The last two references (pp. 241, 242) are to the latter, whose name is omitted in the index.

Dr. White's book gives us the usual accounts of General Jackson's early life, his career at West Point, in Mexico, and at the Virginia Military Institute to the spring of 1861. In this portion of his work the author draws upon the Rev. Dr. Dabney's "Life and Campaigns of General Jackson" and Mrs. Jackson's "Life and Letters," both excellent authorities, and the latter a vivid portraiture of his domestic life. He shows us how conscientious and deliberate were Jackson's position and actions in the Civil War. With respect to the questions agitating the country at the outbreak of the war, Dr. White says truly: "His judgment and his sympathies were in full accord with the views that prevailed among the people of the South with reference to political and social affairs." Dr. White also makes clear the fact that Jackson "was always a friend and benefactor to the colored man," as was shown by his teaching in and contributing to the support of a colored Sunday-school in Lexington. "He believed, however, says his wife, 'that the Bible taught that slavery was sanctioned by the Creator Himself . . . for ends which it was not his business to determine.'" He believed, too, that "the South ought to resist aggression, if necessary by the sword," and that any of the States had the right to secede from the Union. Therefore, when Virginia chose to exercise that right, he was found in thorough accord with all her people except some dwelling in West Virginia. In a short speech to his student cadets, on the occasion of raising the Virginia flag at the Military Institute at Lexington, he

said: "The time may come when your State will need your services; and if that time does come, then draw your swords and throw away the scabbards." This tersely shows the spirit of the man; and it is credibly stated that later in the war he was in favor of raising the black flag. Whatever he did, he believed in doing thoroughly. He accepted, with General Sherman, the dictum that "War is hell," and was ready to act upon it.

Dr. White has given a succinct and well-selected account of the chief events in General Jackson's life, and has written a book that will serve as a good *résumé* of his military career. We should have liked a fuller criticism of his generalship; but that want has been already well supplied in Colonel Henderson's book, to which we have referred. His military talents were not appreciated until after his Valley campaign, which was, indeed, the first occasion on which he had an opportunity to display them.

While in command at Harper's Ferry, in 1861, Jackson formed the First Brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah, composed of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d Virginia regiments, and the Rockbridge Artillery, which last had been organized at Lexington, Virginia, and was commanded by the Rev. Dr. William N. Pendleton, rector of the Episcopal Church in Lexington and a graduate of West Point. When General Joseph E. Johnston was placed in command at Harper's Ferry, Colonel Jackson was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, and was soon promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, receiving his commission at Winchester, July 3, 1861. The name of "Stonewall" was due to an exclamation made by General Bee, when rallying his own brigade at Manassas (Bull Run) on July 21 of that year. The phraseology is given differently by different writers, but that given by Dr. White will answer as well as any other: "Look! There is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!" (pp. 87-8). There is no question that Jackson's charge at the opportune moment gained the day at Manassas. He was always in favor of a charge, and of "giving them the bayonet."

On the occasion of this memorable battle, the Rockbridge Artillery—to which body the writer of the present article belonged—had been firing for about two and a half hours, chiefly at Griffin's and Ricketts's batteries near the Henry house,—Jackson's brigade meanwhile lying down in the woods in the rear,—when the artillery was suddenly ordered off the field, much to their surprise. As soon as they had cleared the



ground, the infantry were ordered to rise and charge; and as the other troops did the same, and Early's and Kirby Smith's brigades came in on the left, the enemy were soon put to flight and did not stop before reaching Centreville. It is the writer's belief that our victorious troops should have pressed on to Washington, as General Jackson wished, supplies or no supplies, and there seems little reason to doubt that we could have reached the Federal capital.

The limits of this article will not permit even an outline of General Jackson's full career. It will be found well stated in Dr. White's book. For the early portion of it, the reader is directed especially to Colonel Allan's "Jackson's Valley Campaign," for it was this campaign that called attention to Jackson's military abilities, and it affords material for a special study in military strategy. His main object was to prevent the reinforcement of McClellan near Richmond; and in this he succeeded to his complete satisfaction. After routing Milroy and Schenck at McDowell, Jackson hastened back to the Valley and there overthrew Banks. Then, escaping "by the skin of his teeth" between Frémont and Shields, he routed them both on successive days, so that one retreated to Strasburg and the other to Front Royal. After a short breathing-space, Jackson hurried to Richmond and aided General Lee, forcing McClellan's army back to Harrison's Landing on the James River — the so-called "change of base." There *was* a "change of base," but the prevailing cause of it was the defeat of Porter's corps at Gaines's Mill, June 27, caused by Jackson's well-timed attack on the Confederate left. While Jackson failed to accomplish what Lee had wished at White Oak Swamp, and the army failed at Malvern Hill by reason of its irregular and disjointed attacks on that formidable position, the general result was the relief of Richmond and the withdrawal of McClellan's army to Alexandria. The battle of Cedar Mountain and the defeat of Banks's troops on that field were but an episode in Pope's campaign. His turn came at Manassas, from which his "grand army" took refuge in the fortifications around Washington. Jackson's corps withstood Pope at Manassas until Longstreet arrived and made his attack on the right, which lack of daylight alone prevented from being a complete success. A few weeks later the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) followed, a battle of one to two and a half — 35,000 to 87,000 — and rightly characterized as "the best-fought battle of the war" on the Confederate side. After giving McClellan

an opportunity to attack the next day, which he did not take, General Lee retired across the Potomac. A little later McClellan was succeeded by Burnside, whose bloody attack and repulse at Fredericksburg soon followed. Then, in May, with Hooker in command of the Northern army, Jackson performed his brilliant feat of marching around and surprising the Union right, effecting again a Confederate victory, which was clouded by the loss of his own life from wounds received from some of his men while venturing on a personal reconnoissance beyond his lines in the dark. It is hardly too much to say that in that dire mishap perished the hopes of the Confederacy. How great, how irreparable, was that loss was shown only a few weeks later at the battle of Gettysburg, which has been rightly regarded as the turning-point of the war. With Jackson's genius in strategy and power in action added to the strength of the Confederates, who can say how different might have been the issue of that great battle, and even of the war?

JAMES M. GARNETT.

#### THE ÆSTHETIC VALUE OF ASIAN ART.\*

Disillusionment is not always desirable. The delectable domain of the imagination affords a welcome retreat from the wear and tear of the work-day world. But it is a land wherein the verities are not physical; and in contemplating the sober facts of the universe there is gain, not loss, in being able to see them as they really are.

This is peculiarly true as regards the finer achievements of Oriental art. One by one, Western misconceptions of the East have given way before the tide of advancing knowledge. No longer do we speak of that part of the world as "gorgeous," "magnificent," or "unchanging." These phrases belong to a day when nearly the whole sum of available information was supplied by such books as "The Arabian Nights" and "The Travels of Marco Polo," and found its echo in poems like Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," and in the paintings of Delacroix and other artists of the Romantic school. Testifying to the existence of the opulent splendor that inspired these works were the marvelously beautiful carpets and other fabrics that for hundreds of years have found their way to Europe through the bazaars of Constantinople, the decorated pottery from Persia, the inlaid

\* PAINTING IN THE FAR EAST. An Introduction to the History of Pictorial Art in Asia, especially China and Japan. By Laurence Binyon. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

arms and armor, and the precious stones brought from India by the early traders and soldiers who visited that far-away land. Then came the glowing accounts of visitors to China and Japan, and the lovely porcelains, the rich silks, the charming lacquer, brought from these countries. What wonder that these things should give rise to visions of abounding wealth and luxury?

Gradually we have learned that the people of the East are not rich but poor; that the sensuous magnificence was never widespread, but chiefly found in the trappings of a few Mohammedan princes. We have learned, too, that the influence of Mohammedanism upon the creative arts has been blighting through the restrictions it has imposed. We have studied the decorative arts of India, Persia, China, and Japan, and have found them rich in suggestion and full of lessons for our artists and art lovers; we have even, in the color prints of Japan, caught a glimpse of the pictorial art of the East at the point where it most nearly approaches that of the West. What in any general sense we have not yet apprehended is that back of all these manifestations there is a central tradition of Asian painting, based upon a coherent, clearly-visioned, and completely thought-out fundamental metaphysic; that in its essence it is an art of form rather than of color, an art dominated by poetical ideas, distinguished by extreme simplicity, exquisite refinement, and rigorous adhesion to aesthetic principles, and requiring for its expression a masterly technique.

This art forms the theme of Mr. Laurence Binyon's "Painting in the Far East." His book is a notable one, comprehensive in its outlook, clear in its statements, and irrefragable in its philosophy. Realizing that the criteria by which the art of the East should be judged are not other than those we should apply to the art of the West, he has approached his subject with an open mind, and has not been led astray by either the strangeness of the conventions employed or by differences in the things represented. These criteria are set forth with admirable clarity in a remarkable opening chapter on "The Art of the East and the West," which as an exposition of basic principles could hardly be surpassed. To those who are imbued with the notion "absorbed from an age of triumphant science," as Mr. Binyon puts it, that the test of artistic merit is in fidelity to an external objective standard, having the utmost attainable realism as its shibboleth, his telling phrases and forceful arguments may be especially com-

mended. By those who have passed beyond the stage of art appreciation where that all too common heresy is tenable, his words will be read with keen satisfaction.

With Hsieh Ho, the Chinese artist and critic of the sixth century, whose theory of aesthetic principles formulated in his "Six Canons" is a classic unanimously accepted by posterity, Mr. Binyon rightly holds that rhythm, organic structure, and harmony are the paramount qualities in all works of art. Only as we grasp this concept are the higher beauties revealed to us, and their spiritual meanings made visible. Only through it are our eyes opened to the full significance of the truth that art consists in the welding of forms, hues, and tones into synthetic and organic unity, and that its vital essence is not imitative but creative. With deep insight Mr. Binyon writes:

"In this theory every work of art is thought of as an incarnation of the genius of rhythm, manifesting the living spirit of things with a clearer beauty and intenser power than the gross impediments of complex matter allow to be transmitted to our senses in the visible world around us. A picture is conceived as a sort of apparition from a more real world of essential life."

Alone among all the great art movements in the world's history, Asian painting has followed unswervingly the guidance of this concept. Even the noble art of ancient Greece fell from its high estate into the slough of realism for realism's sake. But in the Far East, throughout all the changes in style caused by the coming into vogue of novel phases or manners of representation,—changes as numerous and varied as similar fashions and styles evolved in the course of centuries in the several countries of Europe,—the central tradition has never been lost sight of or departed from, until within very recent years through a baleful influx of Western ideas. The consequence is—or rather was, for the pale reflection that survives cannot be said to be more than half alive—an art absolutely self-contained, homogeneous, consistent, and, in its higher reaches, of tenuous but nevertheless entrancing purity. As aptly expressed by Mr. Binyon:

"Who shall say of such an art that it is not mature, still less that it is impotent to express ideas? In its coherence and its concentration, in its resolute hold on the idea of organic beauty, this tradition, so old in the East, manifests the character of an art that has reached complete development."

It is not strange that this art should as yet be little understood or appreciated in Western lands, except by a small group of enthusiasts. Opportunities for seeing and studying fine works are extremely limited. Though a considerable

number of paintings bearing the names of, or confidently attributed to, illustrious Chinese and Japanese artists, have found a market in Europe and America, many of them—in fact a very large percentage—are spurious or of doubtful authenticity. Besides the forgeries, there are ancient copies, some of them extremely clever, and works by lesser men with the signatures erased and others substituted. Even the foreign dweller in the East may pass a decade there without getting a glimpse of a painting of the first rank. The owners of important works keep them carefully packed away in fire-proof storehouses, and though they are occasionally brought forth and exhibited to a chosen few, it is rarely indeed that a Western barbarian is included among those deemed worthy of the honor of seeing them. Why should such treasures be shown to those whose judgment in matters of art is hopelessly warped through the importation of scientific views? This attitude of mind is well illustrated by an incident that occurred during the Columbian Exposition. One of the Japanese Commissioners brought with him when he came to Chicago a highly valued painting by one of the old masters. Showing it one day to a gentleman who was able to appreciate its full worth, he was asked why he did not hang it up where others might have a chance to enjoy its beauty. Note the reply: "I could not bear to see people pass it by without pausing to admire." When feeling is so intense as that indicated by these words, it is easy to understand how deep a wound may be inflicted by a flippant remark, or even by well-intentioned but ignorant and inept comment. From such suffering the Oriental saves himself by not casting his pearls where Circe's herd may come.

For those in Europe and America who have cared to look into the merit of Asian painting the collections in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the British Museum, and works passing through the hands of dealers, have afforded the chief opportunities. Besides these, paintings in private collections have furnished further sources to the few having access to them. Some information has been available from books, for the most part publications that are costly or not readily obtainable. The first glimpse of the subject was given by Dr. William Anderson in an essay read before the Asiatic Society of Japan and printed in its Transactions in 1879. Next, in 1883, came the very inadequate chapter on painting in Louis Gonse's elaborate "*L'Art Japonais*." Three years later Dr. Anderson's

monumental "*Descriptive and Historical Catalogue of Japanese and Chinese Paintings in the British Museum*" was issued, and in the same year, also, his "*Pictorial Arts of Japan*," a sumptuous folio containing many elaborate reproductions of paintings. But the largest supply of material for study has been yielded by the Japanese magazine called "*Kokka*," now in its twentieth year, and by the splendid reproductions in "*Select Relics of Japanese Art*," published in Tokyo and edited, with text in Japanese and English, by Mr. S. Tajima. Various minor sources of information might also be enumerated; and in this country the illuminating lectures of the late Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa brought a precious fund of first-hand knowledge within reach of those so situated that they could attend them.

Aside from these lectures there has hitherto been no presentation of a broad view over the entire field of Asian painting, following its development not only in China and Japan, but, so far as material exists, in Tibet, Persia, and other countries. Such a view is now furnished by Mr. Binyon's book. It is, as he says in the preface, "an attempt to survey the achievement and to interpret the aims of Oriental painting, and to appreciate it from the standpoint of a European in relation to the rest of the world's art." In this he has succeeded well,—remarkably well, considering that his knowledge has been gained in the course of his official duties as keeper of the Chinese and Japanese paintings and prints in the British Museum, and that he has not been able to visit China and Japan, nor even to see the masterpieces of Oriental painting in the Boston Museum and in the magnificent collection formed by Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit. With wider opportunities it is possible that he would feel called upon to modify his conceptions of the work of particular artists, but the general historic outline and statement of guiding principles are all that could be desired. While future research may add materially to our knowledge, it does not seem probable that there will be occasion to alter widely the main lines as here laid down.

In one respect, and one only, the book is disappointing. A few minor blemishes, such as the retention of a form of spelling of Japanese names which does not correctly transliterate them, and which is now abandoned by Japanese scholars—more particularly the use of the silent *y* before the vowel *e*,—may be passed over without further mention. But the illustrations, though they include some exceptionally splendid



and impressive works, fall far short, on the whole, of being either adequate or fairly representative. Indeed it is not impossible that for some readers they may have the effect of controverting the author's cogent words, since pictures are likely to be more convincing than anything that can be said about them, more especially when their unfamiliar character makes it difficult to allow for the inevitable loss in reproduction by a mechanical process. At its best the colotype yields a lifeless result; and when it is employed to reproduce ancient paintings of which good photographs cannot be made, the feeble travesty that ensues is absolutely meaningless. It is fair to state that the choice was governed in this instance by the necessity of keeping the cost within reasonable limits. Mr. Binyon's book is worthy of more fitting illustration. Should another edition be called for it is hoped that such illustrations as are given will be of authenticated masterpieces, upon a scale and by a process that will reveal something of their qualities. Those in the present volume help the reader but little to realize the truth so well expressed in the sentences with which the book closes:

"If we look back over the whole course of that great Asian tradition of painting which we have been following through the centuries, the art impresses us as a whole by its cohesion, solidarity, order, and harmony. But these qualities are not truly perceived till we know something of the life out of which it flowered. We then see that paintings which in themselves seem slight, light, and wayward are not mere individual caprices, but answer to the common thoughts of men, symbolize some spiritual desire, have behind them the power of some cherished and heart-refreshing ideal, and are supported by links of infinite association with poetry, with religion, yet also with the lives of humble men and women. We shall study this art in vain if we are not moved to think more clearly, to feel more profoundly; to realize in the unity of all art, the unity of life."

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

#### THE MAID OF FRANCE.\*

It would seem that there can be at present no great need for either a biography or a defence of Jeanne d'Arc. Her story is well known; her achievements are admitted, and her place in history is secure; the Church has placed her only a little lower than the saints. There was a time when the verdict of history was not so favorable; but, so far as England is concerned, that time has long been past. Since the days of Dr. Lingard (and Lingard wrote nearly a

\* THE MAID OF FRANCE. By Andrew Lang. With portraits. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

century ago), no English historian of any repute has shown the least hostility either toward the Maid or toward her work. It is agreed on all sides that when the awakened French patriotism of the fifteenth century hurled the British invasion back across the Channel, it saved England from embarrassments and perils that might have proved serious difficulties in the future.

But the Maid of France is more than a great figure in history: she is a mysterious problem in psychology, and as such has begun to interest the modern scientist. Out of this new interest a bitter quarrel has developed, for the results of this scientific study have not been wholly in the Maid's favor.

"She is represented as a martyr, a heroine, a puzzle-headed hallucinated lass, a perplexed wanderer in a realm of dreams, the unconscious tool of fraudulent priests, herself once doubtfully honest, apt to tell great palpable myths to her own glorification, never a leader in war, but only a kind of *mascotte*, a "little saint," and a *beguine* in breeches."

And now comes Mr. Andrew Lang, the poet-philosopher of Scotland, who is also both an historian and a scientist, with a book in defence of the remarkable Maid. That such a work of apology should come from Scotland seems exceedingly appropriate; for the Scots, the author tells us, "did not buy or sell, or try, or condemn, or persecute, or burn, or — most shameful of all — bear witness against and desert the Maid. The Scots stood for her always, with pen as with sword." Mr. Lang's defence, however, is not a barrister's plea, but a thorough, sympathetic study of Jeanne's career, the results of which disprove all the assertions of the hostile critics.

Biography is frequently dull reading. The author's sense of duty too often leads him to include trivial matters with the really important ones, and the result is an inartistic product. But in the present case no such criticism applies. Mr. Lang's book is a work of great interest; every page is alive with the zeal and the energy of the brilliant biographer. Critics may not always approve of Mr. Lang's literary methods, but they rarely accuse him of being dull. It might be said with truth that the present study does not display the calm judicious temper that the historian ought to possess. Indeed, the author seems inclined toward Herr Treitschke's belief that history should be written in anger. In speaking of the trial of the Maid at Rouen, he characterizes the leading judges and assessors in the following terms:

"De la Fontaine, Le Maitre, Midi, and Feuillet were the examiners who sought their own damnation on this



day. Who are we that we should judge them, creatures as they were, full of terror, of superstition, and of hatred; with brows of brass and brains of lead; scientific, too, as the men of their time reckoned science."

This is not in the style of the doctor's dissertation, but it is far more effective; and, from a writer who is a member of so many literary guilds, we cannot expect a dispassionate treatment throughout, especially when the theme is so dramatic as is the life and death of Jeanne d'Arc.

No doubt the parts of Mr. Lang's work that will attract the most attention are his discussions and analyses of the various problems that make up such a large part of the Maid's history. Some of these are satisfactorily treated; but a sufficient number remain unsolved to call forth many future studies. In a review it is, of course, impossible to follow out the author's arguments; the leading conclusions alone can be stated.

First and greatest of the problems is that of the "voices" and the visions. These matters are discussed in various sections of the narrative, and are also made the subject of an appendix. "Nobody now asserts that her psychological experiences were feigned by her; nobody denies that she had the experiences; nobody ascribes them, like the learned of Paris University, to 'Satan, Belial, and Behemoth.'" Mr. Lang, therefore, concludes that so far as Jeanne was concerned the "voices" were real; but what was their nature? In his discussions he examines and rejects various explanations recently proposed by scientific minds. Hysteria, underdevelopment, or nervous disorders of various sorts have been suggested; but the evidence points to none of these; Jeanne appears in every other respect to have been sane and normal. The attempt to classify Jeanne's experiences with those of ecstasies also seems to have failed; she is never known to have been subject to trances; when the voices came to her and spoke to her, she still remained perfectly conscious of everything about her; her understanding of the common things of life was not in the least disturbed. Mr. Lang apparently subscribes to the opinion that the "voices" were expressions of unconscious thinking (whatever that may be). He confuses the matter somewhat in one of his closing sentences: "I incline to think that in a sense not easily defined Jeanne was 'inspired,' and I am convinced that she was a person of the highest genius, of the noblest character." But inspired is a broad and vague term that gives little definite information. The theory that the "voices" were the Maid's own unconscious

thoughts which finally became so definite and so real as to lead her to think that they came from the outside is also rather unsatisfactory. How did the young illiterate peasant girl in distant Lorraine come to have such remarkable unconscious thoughts? Whence did she obtain her information? And what shall we say of her foreknowledge of events? For we have evidence that in a few instances she possessed prophetic knowledge. She predicted in April, 1429, that she would be wounded by an arrow, but not fatally; she was actually wounded on May 7. She also had foreknowledge of her capture; but this for obvious reasons she kept secret.

Mr. Lang also discusses the question of the Maid's military abilities. His reply to the critics who deny that Jeanne was more than an influence for patriotism is a summary of her military record.

"A girl understood, and a girl employed (so professional students of strategy and tactics declare), the essential ideas of the military art; namely, to concentrate quickly, to strike swiftly, to strike hard, to strike at vital points, and, despising vain noisy skirmishes and 'valiances,' to fight with invincible tenacity of purpose. . . . She possessed what, in a Napoleon, a Marlborough, a Kellermann at Alba de Tormes (1809), would be reckoned the insight of genius.

At the same time the author admits that the greatest service of the Maid lay along inspirational lines. What France just then needed was patriotism, courage, and confidence.

Historical writers usually tell us that Jeanne understood her mission as including two achievements only: the relief of Orleans and the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims. The inference is that her subsequent campaign was carried on in defiance of the "voices" and against her own wishes. For these statements Mr. Lang finds no warrant. The reluctant ones were the king and his advisers; Jeanne was eager to continue the warfare with a view to seizing Paris. The campaign failed, but the failure is not to be charged to the Maid's account—she displayed the same courage as earlier; it was the inevitable result of cowardice and divided councils at court. Even after her capture she seems to have been anxious to continue fighting the English; "could she have escaped from prison at any time in 1431, she would have taken up arms again."

The Maid had a presentiment that her career would not be long; she knew that she "would last but a year or little more." The relief of Orleans began in May, 1429; Jeanne was captured at Compiègne, May 23, 1530. January 3, 1431, she was turned over to Cauchon, bishop

of Beauvais, for trial; on May 30 she was burned. Whether the Maid had a fair trial is a question that has been "angrily debated." Some historians have argued that, as the laws and customs were in the fifteenth century, the judges were not unfair. Mr. Lang holds to a different view: in cases where the accused were believed to have been in the service of the evil powers, the aim was not to find out the truth but to convict; "no person in the situation of Jeanne, a feared and hated captive in hostile hands, — no man accused of high treason or of witchcraft, — had anywhere, for centuries after 1431, the slightest chance of being fairly tried." And the record of the trial as given in the closing chapters of Mr. Lang's biography is not such as to convict the judges of the least desire to be fair and just.

A difficult problem in connection with the trial is that of Jeanne's abjuration. About a week before the final tragedy, she was induced to submit to the commands of the church and to denounce her "saints" as spirits of evil; at least such is the accepted account. We have a document of some length in which the Maid goes to the full extent of abjuration and submission. This document the author, on apparently good grounds, calls into question. But even if this particular document is a forgery or a falsification of the record, it seems probable that at this time Jeanne's heroism suffered a momentary eclipse.

"The question is regarded as important, for, it is argued, if Jeanne pronounced the words of the long form of abjuration, she perjured herself, and cannot be regarded as a person of 'heroic' and saintly virtue. Considering her circumstances, her long sufferings, the mental confusion caused by the tumult; the promises of escape from the infamous company of base English grooms; and the terror of the fire, I cannot regard her, — even if she recited and set her mark to the long abjuration, — as less 'heroic' than St. Peter was when he thrice denied his Lord. It is cruel, it is inhuman, to blame the girl for not soaring above the apostolic heroism of the fiery Galilean; for being, at one brief moment, less noble than herself."

Mr. Lang has produced a useful and interesting biography, but it cannot be regarded as final. Until the borderlands of thought have been more thoroughly explored, the career of the Maid will remain a mystery. The nature of the evidence is also such as to make the matter of interpretation an extremely difficult task: it is largely made up of the records of two trials, the first for the purpose of condemnation (1431), and the second (twenty years later) for the purpose of rehabilitation. While the author has apparently written for the general reader, he has not for-

gotten the needs of the serious student: the work is provided with a fair index, and all the important statements are fortified with references to the authorities used. The notes are, however, placed at the close of the volume instead of at the foot of the pages. The illustrations consist of two pictures of the Maid (miniatures from the close of the fifteenth century), a portrait of Charles VII., and three maps.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

"This is a novel, not a treatise," says Mr. Wells midway in "Tono-Bungay," but we have doubts. Nevertheless we persevere, and are rewarded by witnessing the play of an active and original mind about most of the problems, individual and collective, with which modern man is confronted. It would be vain to expect Mr. Wells to keep his social philosophy out of a novel, or his technical scientific knowledge, or his peculiarly mean conception of average humanity. He seems to work upon the theory that the best way to arouse man to a sense of what he might become is to make a merciless exposure of what he actually is, studied in a selection of the most despicable instances. This negative method of exalting an idealism may be effective when employed by such indignant spirits as Swift and Ibsen, but when it is developed in the vein of comedy nearly always worked by Mr. Wells, it becomes almost futile for any higher purpose than that of entertainment. "Tono-Bungay" has many *longueurs*, but despite them is a vastly entertaining novel. It is the story of a great fortune erected upon a foundation of humbug, for its title is the name of the patent medicine which raises its exploiter from poverty to affluence. That Napoleonic charlatan reminds us not a little of the elder Vance in Mr. De Morgan's novel, but with just the difference that distinguishes caricature from character-drawing. The story is told by his nephew, who shares in the fortune, and just escapes discredit in its collapse. As autobiography, it is largely concerned with the latter's love affairs. There are three of them, the first the sort

\* TONO-BUNGAY. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.  
SEPTIMUS. By William J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Co.

THE POINT OF HONOR. A Military Tale. By Joseph Conrad. New York: The McClure Co.

JOAN OF GARROCH. By Albert Kinross. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MIRAGE. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

LORIMER OF THE NORTHWEST. By Harold Bindloss. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE FASHIONABLE ADVENTURES OF JOSHUA CRAIG. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

54-40 OR FIGHT. By Emerson Hough. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE KING OF ARCADIA. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SPELL. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of mistake that unthinking youth frequently makes, the second distinctly disreputable, and the third an affair that ends with the rocket-like fall of the Tono-Bungay enterprise. The author tries very hard to make this third affair a matter of real passion and appeal to sympathy, but is imperfectly successful. A hero of fiction must have heroic qualities somewhere latent within him, and such qualities are not here discernible. There is good comedy in the book, but nothing that strikes deeper, unless we look for it in the pages that are frankly philosophical, and have nothing to do with the action.

Curiously enough, Mr. William J. Locke's "Septimus" is also in large measure the story of a patent medicine. Clem Sypher, however, is unlike the inventor of Tono-Bungay in that the former believes in his Cure, and in its divine mission of healing the skins of all mankind. There is something almost tragic in his dejection when he is informed by a man of science, in the plainest of language, that it is a device of quackery, and at the same time discovers that it is without efficacy when applied to the blistered heel of its own inventor. Clem is a good deal of a man, however, and we are not deeply perturbed when the heroine—magnificent creature though she be—finally rewards his devotion, and accepts the responsibilities of her sex. As for Septimus, who also loves her in dumb ecstasy, we feel that reality has shaped for him a better life than that of his dreams when his fortunes are at last annexed to those of the heroine's less imposing but more domestic sister. Septimus is an inventor also, but of machines, not medicines. He is a shy creature, whose simple goodness wins our affection, and whose unconsciously humorous observations upon all sorts of subjects keep us in a cheerful mood. There is not much story in this entertaining book, nor is there anything like reality of human characterization, but there is satirical wit in abundance and there is the most delicious whimsicality. The satisfaction which we get from this, as from Mr. Locke's other recent novels, is intellectual rather than emotional, and is of the keenest sort. Something less successful, on the whole, than "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" and "The Beloved Vagabond," this new book is nevertheless a delightful affair, and it would be ungrateful to place much stress upon the slight feeling of disappointment that comes from a comparison with its predecessors.

Mr. Conrad works upon a small canvas in "The Point of Honor," and the product more than justifies the self-imposed limitation. His longer books are often hard to read because of their diffuseness and over-indulgence in analysis, but this one offers no such impediment to the reader's sustained satisfaction. It is a tale of the Napoleonic wars, which, however, form only a background for the single personal relation which is the substance of the narrative. Two minor French officers get into a quarrel over a trivial matter, and a duel results. During the following years, their paths diverge and come together many times, and each time of renewed

contact sees a renewal of the quarrel, and another duel. They advance in grade and become generals, then, after the Restoration, they live on as grizzled veterans, and still the feud persists. It has become a tradition in military circles, although no one seems to know the *fons et origo* of all this animosity. The original quarrel, forced by a hot-headed and envious soldier upon his generous rival, is kept alive by the unreasonable attitude of the former, and the latter, despite his abhorrence of the situation, finds a point of honor in accepting the challenges that come from year to year. In their last duel, however, the challenger is at his rival's mercy, and his life is forfeit according to the code. He is spared under these humiliating conditions, and for the rest of his life can do nothing more serious than vent his spleen by grumbling. Meanwhile, as a disgraced Bonapartist, he is in sore straits, but his rival finds a way of supporting him without his suspecting the source of supply. The story is crisply told, with much acute comment and humorous observation. It is in reality a grave comedy of cross-purposes keyed to a certain moderate pitch of dramatic intensity which is hardly changed from beginning to end.

A variant from the usual type of the sensational fiction which deals with things Russian is offered in "Joan of Garioch," by Mr. Albert Kinross. Instead of the old-fashioned tale of nihilist conspiracies and Siberian horrors we have an up-to-date story of the recent Russian revolution, with the Baltic provinces, and especially Riga, for the scene of its action. The hero is an English soldier who returns from South Africa to learn that his betrothed has married a mysterious foreigner and disappeared. It seems that her father has been involved in a speculative enterprise that has wrecked his fortune and threatened his honor, and that the heroine has given herself as a sacrifice to the man who has offered to save her father's reputation by paying his debts. We call her the heroine in default of a better, but she hardly appears during the whole course of the narrative, which is chiefly concerned with the hero's efforts to discover her hiding-place. For the name given by her husband, the Count de Jarnac, is a fictitious one, and the address which he has left upon his departure from England is a blind. In fact, he is a Russian of high standing, and when he learns that the lover is in hot pursuit, he resorts to all sorts of villainous devices for the deceiving and undoing of his rival. This is the framework of a very pretty story of wild adventure and hairbreadth escape, which naturally ends with the death of the villain and the union of the faithful lovers. Although the love-interest is kept well in the background, there are all sorts of romantic compensations for this defect, and the interest of the story does not flag in a single chapter.

"Mirage," by Mr. E. Temple Thurston, is a tender and pathetic story of belated love and unselfish renunciation. The Vicomte du Guesclin has lost his fortune, gone into English exile, and is eating his heart out in a London lodging-house. An unexpected legacy gives him a simple country *pied-à-terre*



(also in England), and he finds among his neighbors a young French girl whose mother had been the love of his youth. In his association with this girl, both youth and love are renewed, and when the prospect of restored fortune opens before him, he seeks to make his dream a reality, and wins the girl's consent to become his wife. It is affection rather than love that she has to give him, but for a time he is persuaded that it is the deeper sentiment. Then the castle in Spain crumbles, for fortune again eludes him, and the girl's heart is instinctively given to a young Englishman who appears opportunely (or inopportunely) upon the scene at the critical moment. The Vicomte is too fine a gentleman to permit her to make the sacrifice which she is yet willing to make, and the light goes out of his life. It is a delicate and charming tale, with soft lights and subtle characterizations. This theme of the St. Martin's summer of love has been used many times in fiction, but rarely (by English writers) to equally artistic effect. There is also a vein of happy humor running through the pages, which notably relieves the burden of their essential pathos.

The story of "Lorimer of the Northwest" is now much more than a twice-told tale, for it already exists in more than half a dozen replicas. But as long as Mr. Bindloss is able to compose equally interesting variations upon the theme his books will have enough novelty to continue attractive. The story, in substance, is that of the English settler in the Canadian Northwest, of his struggle to wrest a living from the soil, of his bitter reverses and desperate plights, of his eventual triumph over difficult conditions, and of his winning of the woman upon whom his heart is set. It is essentially one of the best of all stories, and both hero and heroine are of types that are perennially interesting because they are both strong and wholesome. The present variant of the story begins in England, but soon the characters are all transplanted overseas, and the plot enters upon its development. The hero has to contend, not only with the soil and the elements, but also with various forms of human malice and rascality, and nothing but pluck and resourcefulness save him from going under. Thus the reader is kept in a constant state of tension, which is not disagreeable because his previous experience with the author assures him that there will be a bonanza harvest in the end, or a gold mine, or a fat contract, and that the hero's honest determination will have its due reward, both material and sentimental. In his dealings with nature, as exhibited in that part of America which he has made his own, it seems to us that Mr. Bindloss is steadily growing in fineness of observation and power of description.

It is impossible to take seriously such a novel as "The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig." The straining for sensational effect and the determination of the author to be startling at any cost are so obvious that the total result is repellent, and this quite apart from the commonness of the style and the unredeemed vulgarity of the treatment. Is

it possible that Mr. Phillips thinks his politician-hero an admirable person in any aspect of his character or in any sense of the word? A boor through and through, without any conception of the gracious side of life, he comes from the West into the political life of the capital, forces his way to high office by making himself a holy terror, elbows his way into polite society and acts like a bull in a china-shop, and finally captures a patrician wife by the primitive methods of the cave-dweller. We say "patrician," because Mr. Phillips clearly thinks that he is describing the woman as of that type. This is the most amusing of all his miscalculations, for his heroine is also essentially a vulgarian, and the refinements with which he tricks her out do not long deceive us. Considering the story as an extravaganza, it is rather good fun to follow the progress of the forceful Josh, as he swings his club, and bowls over such lay figures of politicians and sybarites and dowagers as come within its destructive range. In the end, he refuses a position in the Cabinet, and drags his wife off to Minnesota, which is probably a good place in which to leave this precious pair.

Mr. Emerson Hough, in his "54-40 or Fight," has become an adept in the "big bow-wow" style. This historical novel of two generations ago is simply reeking with the kind of patriotic sentiment that exuded from our old-time spokesmen of manifest destiny, whose mouthings were a mixture of blatant assertiveness, provincial prejudice, and lofty scorn of effete old-world examples. It tells of the period of our history when people of heated imaginations thought that England was intriguing with Mexico to bar our progress toward the Rio Grande, and was about to make war upon us for the possession of the Oregon country. The scene is laid first in Washington, afterwards in the Northwest. The figure of Calhoun dominates the book, although a more youthful hero of the conventional sort is provided by his private secretary and trusted agent. Spice is added to the romance by the figure of an Austrian baroness, supposed to be in the pay of England, who flits from scene to scene, making unexpected appearances when needed. Respect for Calhoun's democratic simplicity and a sentimental attachment to his dashing young secretary finally win her to the American cause, and she becomes the chief instrument in effecting the boundary compromise. This success of petticoat diplomacy is unrecorded in history, but it makes pretty material for Mr. Hough's romantic purposes. The story has another heroine, of domestic origin, evidently intended for the hero after he has closed the chapter of his philanderings with the foreign adventuress, and we leave him in her possession when all misunderstandings are cleared away in the last chapter.

"The King of Arcadia," by Mr. Francis Lynde, is a thrilling modern romance dealing with a Colorado feud. The quarrel results from the efforts of an irrigation company to construct works that will flood the lands and make useless the residence of a ranchman — the fine old Southern gentleman who is



known as the King of Arcadia. The successive engineers engaged for the work all come to mysterious or violent ends, and all sorts of suspicious accidents delay its progress. It seems as if the "King" were responsible for all these villainies, but we learn in the end that they are chargeable to a too zealous Mexican herdsman in his employ. The hero of this tale is the new engineer, who, undaunted by the fate of his predecessors, accepts the commission, and does his best to make good. The heroine is the "King's" daughter, who tries to be loyal to both lover and father, although for a time she also suspects the latter of criminal activities, charitably believing them to be the result of a disordered mind. After the reader has had his surfeit of explosions and land-slides and floods and sudden deaths, he ends in a love-feast, with explanations and reconciliations, while idyllic peace reigns over the whole situation. It all makes an entertaining, good-humored, and perfectly superficial story, well supplied with dramatic incident, and told, for the most part, in a form of dialogue too smart to bear much relation to ordinary human speech.

"The Spell" of Mr. William Dana Orcutt's novel is that cast by the study of the Italian Renaissance upon the life of a young American scholar in Florence. Just happily married, he has brought his wife to Italy, in order that he may combine intellectual delights with those of the honeymoon. Working in the Laurentian library under the guidance of a famous Italian scholar whose identity is hardly concealed, he soon becomes so absorbed in his researches that his wife quite properly feels herself neglected. To make matters worse, the young woman whom she has invited to become a guest at their villa shares his interests and becomes the daily companion of his labors. Neither the man nor his companion realize the wrong they are doing, so interested do they become in their joint studies, so compelling is the spell of the old humanism which they are engaged in making their intellectual possession. Husband and wife at last stand upon the verge of permanent estrangement, when a fortunate automobile accident saves the situation by laying him up for some weeks, and bringing him to a wholesome realization of his unconscious neglect of an obvious duty. The spell is thus broken, and reality resumes the place of the dream that has usurped it. The novel is well written, and exhibits both artistic feeling and delicate analytical power; its chief fault is that it lacks sufficient substance for a novel of its length. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATTHEWS is preparing for Houghton Mifflin Co. a book on the Drama, which will give in brief compass the fundamental facts needed by any student who is studying the drama and dramatic literature. This book will be uniform in size with Professor Perry's "Study of Prose Fiction," and will deal with the subject of the drama in the same manner in which Professor Perry deals with fiction.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Colleges as  
education  
factories.*

That the problems presented in Mr. Clarence F. Birdseye's volume on "The Reorganization of our Colleges" (Baker & Taylor Co.), and the aggressive mode of their presentation, will stimulate discussion, seems a consummation both likely and desirable. Much of the emphasis of the book is timely, and some of it commendable. The urgent need of raising the social and moral standards and the general educational influences of the student's environment; the need of restoring somehow the direct influence of the teacher and the placing of the calling in its proper professional status; the checking of the ambitions of the colleges for numbers, and their showy forms of attaining publicity; a more simple and effective supervision of the machinery of the college "plant,"—in these and similar topics there is common ground for the interchange of views and suggestions. But when so much is conceded, every discerning critic of educational processes who has the least appreciation of the conditions under which the fruits of the tree mature, must protest emphatically against the temper and trend of this ambitious volume. We are told repeatedly and variously that the college is a factory—when it is not a department store; that the methods of the great industries and of the trusts are the only ones that can save the situation; that a separate department of administration is what colleges need to save their souls and those of the "problem-solvers" and "citizen-thinkers" committed to their charge. There is waste in the plant (doubtless there is), and to discover it each student should be sent through the mill with a cost and production slip following him and telling in the end what he is worth. The analogy to the ends and means of a great business house is believed in to the logical finish. It is well that someone has the courage to carry this view to its extreme. But the position is more sad than ridiculous, and may become serious. When the volume reaches the hands of our foreign critics, some vigorous pronouncements may be expected; and there is some consolation in the thought that the spirit of Matthew Arnold is beyond the reach of such offence. Not once in the course of four hundred pages is there a bit of proof that the conditions complained of are really in any way connected with the proposed remedy. The analogy is never under suspicion, though the vision is obstructed by motes and beams of all sorts and sizes. Surely it may be urged with greater force that the evils in question are due to just so much emphasis of administration and the business view as has already crept into our colleges; that what we need is to save ourselves from any more of it, and to resist to the last the encroachments under way. The total aim and spirit and method of the college is foreign to that of the business world; and that is just why we cherish it. It is easy for Mr. Birdseye and his followers to say that he wants culture and

effective teaching and personality. If he really does, he must sacrifice everything to the spirit out of which such things grow; and the spirit that gives such things life is to the spirit that must follow in the wake of his reorganized business-dominated college as May to December. The first requisite in the handling of intellectual interests is some appreciation of the forces that produce them and make their pursuit worth while. To enter the arena of discussion without these is to raise the fundamental issue whether the end in view is worth the tremendous cost. For the reconstructed college—or the present college in the view of the “reconstructionists”—is logically not worth maintaining. Let the factories, the railroads, the banks, and the trusts, educate the youth of the land, and do it by business methods; why bring in the college professor?

*Napoleon's  
Austrian  
campaigns.*

Although one might infer from the title “Napoleon and the Archduke Charles,” which Mr. F. Loraine Petre gives to his volume on the campaign of 1809, that it includes a large biographical element, the work is primarily an historical discussion of the Ratisbon campaign and of the campaign of Essling-Wagram. Mr. Petre has drawn new material from the correspondence in Saski's *Campagne de 1809*, and from the papers of the Archduke Charles. He believes that the English reader has had little opportunity to correct traditional misapprehensions, which had their origin in the efforts of that incomparable advertiser, Napoleon himself, to propagate, by bulletins at the time, and later in his conversations at St. Helena, an account of his operations which should finally be accepted as orthodox. As in his previous volumes on the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, the author begins with a full account of the organization and value of the two armies. He finds the strategy of the Ratisbon campaign over-praised, really at fault on more than one occasion, and markedly below the standard set by the campaign of 1806. He thinks Napoleon was influenced by a mistaken idea that Vienna was his true objective, rather than the Archduke's army wherever it might go. He finds evidence that, until after the check at Essling, Napoleon underestimated the fighting qualities of the Austrians; and this accounts for the contrast between the haste with which he made the first crossing of the Danube and the infinite pains with which he prepared for the second. One of the most curious features of the struggle was the influence of the presence in the army of a large number of young recruits who should have been called in 1810, and of half-trained men of previous classes, upon the manoeuvres on the field of battle. For example, the formation of Macdonald's great column at Wagram, composed of thirty battalions in front with six in column behind the right and seven behind the left, is attributed to this cause. It was expected that such soldiers would be more stanch in heavy masses; but this advantage was gained at terrible cost, for the column of 8000 was soon reduced to 1500

effectives. Among the author's descriptions of battles, the most successful is the account of Essling. With the description of the battles of the Ratisbon campaign, which are treated together, the principal difficulty is the complex topography of the country over which the operations were carried, a difficulty which is not removed by the sketch-maps at the close of the volume. (John Lane Co.)

*The pleasures  
and pains of the  
tolling millions.*

In a spirit of delightful comradeship with the undistinguished many, who after all are the salt of the earth, Mr. Richard Whiteing has written a score or more of short essays and sketches on unpretentious themes, and has called his book “Little People” (Cassell). More than once he touches feelingly on that baffling mystery that has caused such bitterness of despair in many a Little Person's breast, the seeming unfairness of fortune, the inequality in the human lot. “Why do our efficient,” is his unanswerable question, “demand such monstrous and altogether indigestible helps of the pride of life? An opera singer warbles a few notes into the gramophone—merely to clear his throat—and is instantly dowered in royalties with a sum equivalent to a substantial annuity.” The keynote to many a life-failure, as the world estimates failure, is struck in the account of a humble friend who “began life thinking he was going to fail in it. . . . He had no sense of existence as a struggle; he dreamed of it as a thing that was all, more or less, an exchange of knightly offices—foolish child! He generally muddled matters, and could not conceive of himself as clever or anything of the sort. He thought it would be delightful just to live, doing nice things and getting your share of nice things done in return—exchanging good offices, in fact, as the Utopians of the story exchanged their washing.” In admirable storytelling vein is a chapter entitled “As a March Hare,” describing the comical efforts of a well-meaning man to get himself shut up in a mad-house, in order to effect the release therefrom of a friend unjustly confined. On quite Chestertonian principles he at last succeeds, not by feigning madness, but by behaving with rigid regard to reason. Terseness of phrase and vigor of thought mark this book as they do not always succeed in marking the author's novels. Readers of the latter should not fail to read “Little People,” if they desire a more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Whiteing at his best.

*Beginnings of  
the greatest city  
in the world.*

The publication of the several parts of the late Sir Walter Besant's *magnum opus*, the “Survey of London,” has been somewhat erratic. The first volume, appearing in 1903, soon after the author's death, was his “London in the Eighteenth Century.” It was announced in this volume that the entire work was nearly ready for publication at the time of Sir Walter's death. Other volumes have appeared at intervals, in the following order: “London in the Time of the Stuarts,” “London in the Time of the

Tudors," and two volumes on "Medieval London." Now appears what might naturally be regarded as the initial volume of the series, "Early London: Pre-Historic, Saxon and Norman" (Macmillan), leaving a volume on Modern London to appear shortly and to complete what its busy author intended should be the great work of his life. In the volume now before us, Sir Walter's account of Pre-historic London is prefaced by a chapter on the geology of the site, by Professor T. G. Bonney, F.R.S. This is in accordance with Sir Walter's original scheme, which was to have certain phases of his exhaustive survey prepared by acknowledged experts in those special fields. This seems, however, the only instance in which he availed himself of such assistance, and the account of the city's growth upon the unpromising site which is described in this first chapter is in Sir Walter's inimitable style. Paying all due attention to the tradition of the founding of Troynovant, or Trenovant, in the year 1108 B. C., he goes on to collate all the available testimony regarding the earliest settlers and inhabitants of the forbidding spot upon which was destined to grow up the greatest city in the world, and gives us all that can be known of Pre-historic London, augmenting his account with valuable appendices. The subsequent books on Roman, Saxon, and Norman London, bringing the survey down to the time of Henry II., are written in a similar style, alike erudite and popular, making this volume full of interest to the student of topography as well as to the student of manners and customs. And this volume will, no less than the others, stimulate in whoever may look into its pages the same affectionate enthusiasm for the London of the remote past which its distinguished author had for the London of every age of its history.

*A notable contribution to biology.*

Text-books of embryology are much too common to make the appearance of a new one *per se* an event of particular scientific or literary significance. To attract any especial attention, a book of this kind must be markedly superior to others in the same general category. This requirement is well fulfilled by Professor Lillie's recent work, "The Development of the Chick; an Introduction to Embryology" (Holt). It has already taken the foremost place among existing accounts of the embryonic development of the chick, that "never failing resource of the embryologist." The arrangement of the material and the plan of the book are in general much the same as in other embryological treatises, and embody the conventional ideas regarding the presentation of the subject to students. An introduction, dealing briefly with certain of the general biological principles on which any study of embryology depends, prepares the way for the detailed consideration of the course of the developmental processes in the chick. The account begins with the formation of the egg, and follows this with the detailed description of the development of the embryo and its organs

day by day up to the time of hatching of the chick. All of this ground has of course been covered in other books. The superiority of the present work lies rather in the manner of treatment than in the matter discussed. What impresses one most in going through the volume is the thoroughness and painstaking care with which the book has been prepared. Practically the whole of the work is based on the author's own personal observations. The few minor inaccuracies of statement which the reviewer has noted have without exception been upon points where the author relied on some statement in the literature of the subject, rather than upon his own observations. The illustrations are nearly all original, and, from the standpoint of scientific illustrations, very fine. It is with real pleasure that one notes the absence of the hackneyed old figures that have done duty in so many text-books of embryology. Altogether, the work is a very notable contribution to the literature of elementary biology.

*John Pettie,  
Scotch painter.*

"No one will ever write my life," said John Pettie; "it has been much too uneventful." Nevertheless, fifteen years after his death, he has found a biographer in his nephew, Mr. Martin Hardie, who draws a delightful picture of the kindly, generous, tremendously forceful Scotch artist, and makes up for meagreness of biographical incident by fulness of descriptive matter about Pettie's paintings. Diligent search through the artist's note-books and in exhibition and sale catalogues, as well as in correspondence or interviews with private owners of his work, has resulted in a practically complete catalogue, chronologically arranged. Mr. Hardie barely remembers his artist uncle, but he has had many conversations with relatives and friends, as well as access to many letters, and from these he has reconstructed Pettie's personality with almost the vividness of a first-hand portrayal. This is lavishly illustrated by remarkably fine color-plates which go far to substantiate Mr. Hardie's claims for his uncle's talent as a colorist. Characteristic of Mr. Pettie's indomitable perseverance was his resolve to conquer the problems of color, which seemed harder for him than draughtsmanship. "If other men become colorists by working ten hours a day," he declared, "I'll work twenty!" Both as an individual study and as a contribution to the history of Scotch art in the last century, Mr. Hardie's biography, which is published by the Macmillan Co., is well worth while.

*Dualism in  
religion and  
philosophy.*

The lengthening series of Mr. Paul Elmer More's "Shelburne Essays" (Putnam) is beginning to assume proportions that make it not unnatural or unfit to compare these searching and scholarly disquisitions with the famous "Causeries" of Sainte-Beuve. For if he has made choice of any predecessor in the same department of literature as his model, the French essayist would seem to be the man. There are in each the same methodical and thorough working-up



of the subject chosen, the same effective intermingling of quotation and critical comment and illustrative allusion, and the same admirable command of the right turn of phrase with which to enforce the meaning; and if the later writer displays somewhat less than the Frenchman's acuteness and wit, he on the other hand draws upon a wider range of reading and thought and observation. His sixth volume, subtitled "Studies of Religious Dualism," takes up a half-score of subjects of enduring interest to scholars,—the Forest Philosophy of India, the Bhagavad Gita, Saint Augustine, Pascal, Sir Thomas Browne, Bunyan, Rousseau, Socrates, the Apology, and Plato. Three of the essays are now first published, and the others have been altered and considerably amplified in lifting from periodical to book. The writer is on congenial ground in these papers, the irreconcilable antinomies of existence presenting for him, as for all meditative minds, a fascinating though teasing and not over-fruitful subject for thought. A shade too much of oriental fatalism and pessimism is inclined to color the utterances of him who lingers unduly in this boundless domain of unanswered and unanswerable inquiry. That the high standard of the series is here maintained, if not indeed raised even higher, goes almost without saying. Readers of the earlier volumes cannot afford to neglect this latest.

*Some colonial characters in lifelike attitudes.*

Five short and readable, as well as scholarly and painstaking, chapters from our colonial history make up "The Apprenticeship of Washington, and Other Sketches of Significant Colonial Personages" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), by George Hodges, D.D., D.C.L. Written by a descendant of both the Pilgrims and the Puritans, though himself a minister of the Church in protest against which his ancestors migrated to this country, these sketches have the freshness of a rather new point of view, while at the same time they show a large-mindedness and fairness that must win the approval and sympathy of all readers. Besides the title-chapter, there are accounts of "The Hanging of Mary Dyer," "The Adventures of Captain Myles Standish," "The Education of John Harvard," and "The Forefathers of Jamestown." A genial and sometimes quietly humorous style makes the book excellent reading. In referring to the ancient and honored stories of Washington's boyhood, the author is restrained by no reverence for Parson Weems's sacred calling from demonstrating his untruthfulness. "The talk which goes on between the lad [George Washington] and the father," he asserts, "is as far removed from reality as the conferences between Adam and Eve which are reported by John Milton." The writer's tone of fairness in treating our religious history may be illustrated by a single short sentence from the chapter on Mary Dyer: "The followers of the Inward Light have always been obnoxious to the established order"; he understands but does not share "the instinctive irritation and enmity of the conservative mind against

the person who claims to talk with God." Dean Hodges has made a valuable, and at the same time quite unpretentious, contribution to our historical literature.

#### NOTES.

What will doubtless prove a book of much importance to sociological workers is announced in Dr. Edward T. Devine's "Misery and its Causes," to be published by the Macmillan Co. in their "American Social Progress Series."

Mrs. Theodosia Garrison, well known through her contributions to the magazines, has made a collection of her poetical work, which will be published at once by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley under the title "The Joy o' Life, and Other Poems."

"The Doll's House" and "Little Eyolf" are the first two volumes of "A Players' Ibsen," a new edition of the plays of the Norwegian dramatist, which Mr. Henry L. Mencken is engaged in preparing. Each volume has an introduction, a supply of notes, and a brief bibliography. The translations are newly made for this edition. Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. are the publishers.

"Nineteenth Century English Prose," edited by Messrs. Thomas H. Dickinson and Frederick W. Roe, is a recent publication of the American Book Co. It gives the text of ten critical essays, with brief introductions and a few notes. The essayists represented are Hazlitt, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Newman, Bagehot, Pater, Stephen, Morley, and Arnold.

"La Caverne," by M. Ray Nyst (if that is a real name), is an imaginative French tale of primitive man, or rather of the man-monkey as he lived, loved, fought, and died in the luxuriant forests of tertiary Europe. A documentary introduction, which is essentially an essay on the ethnology of the tertiary epoch, precedes the story proper. Mr. David Nutt is the English agent for this publication.

"The World's Triumph" is the title of a dramatic poem in blank verse which the Lippincotts announce for publication early in the present month. It is the work of Mr. Louis James Block, a Chicago educator and author, and is described as a symbolic production, the scenes being laid in Modena in the fourteenth century, a prose prologue and epilogue connecting the theme with modern conditions.

"The Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey," a work which dates from 1196, is done into modern English by Mr. Valerian Paget, and published by the John McBride Co. It was first printed on the Continent in 1482, and a unique copy of that edition is preserved in the British Museum. Professor Arber has reprinted it in our own time, and now we have a modernized version of this extremely interesting product of the medieval religious spirit. A similar modernization of More's "Utopia" is promised from the same source.

The Virginia State Library issues its fifth annual report in a pamphlet volume of nearly six hundred pages, comprising, besides matters ordinarily treated in such publications, a list of the year's accessions, a 300-page report from the State Archivist, and a report, half as long, from the State Bibliographer. The library is doing much excellent work, and apparently is none too generously supported by the appropriations committee of the Virginia legislature. Significant of its variety

and scope of usefulness, and illustrating its departure from the time-honored routine still observed by some of its sister state libraries, is its activity in circulating one hundred and thirty-two collections of books under the name of travelling libraries and school libraries.

The bibliography of "State Publications," begun ten years ago by Mr. R. R. Bowker, has just been completed in the publication of Part IV., comprising The Southern States. The wealth of information, — historical, statistical, descriptive, and scientific, hidden, because of imperfect bibliographical record, in the publications of the several States of the American Union, is second only to that in the publications of the Government, which also until recent years had been poorly recorded and inadequately known. The present work, covering more than one thousand pages, is issued by "The Publishers' Weekly," New York.

"The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," collected and edited by Mr. Roger Ingpen, is an important announcement of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The collection consists of about 450 letters gathered from every available source — some of which have only been printed privately in a strictly limited issue; while many have not appeared in print before. Indeed, the largest number of Shelley letters previously printed in one collection amounts only to 127. The letters are printed in chronological form, are annotated, and fully indexed. The illustrations comprise a unique collection of portraits of Shelley and his friends, and views of the places where he lived, besides facsimiles of his MSS.

#### FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

Francis Marion Crawford died on the evening of April 9 in his villa at Sorrento. His death was untimely, for he had not completed his fifty-fifth year. His life was spent largely out of doors, and was filled with healthy activities. He should have been good for another score of years, and this thought is an added grief to the host of his friends. He was an American in ancestry and spirit, although the greater part of his life was spent abroad. Born in Italy in 1854, he got his education successively in his native country, the United States, the Universities of Cambridge, Karlsruhe, Heidelberg, and Rome. This training marked him out for a cosmopolitan, and few other American writers have had interests that ranged so freely over the whole civilized world. Thrown upon his own resources at the age of twenty-four, he essayed literary work in India, Italy, and America, and in 1882 conceived the happy thought of writing a novel. This was "Mr. Isaacs," the first of the long series, and its success was immediate and pronounced. His vocation was now determined, and was pursued with unflagging industry for the twenty-seven remaining years of his life. He wrote more than forty books, two-thirds of them novels, and became one of the most popular of our writers. The fluency of his pen was in a sense his misfortune, for no one can write as much as he did and at the same time realize his highest possibilities. His books are workmanlike and entertaining, but excessively diluted with rather commonplace philosophizing, and the best of them fall short of distinction. He was at his best in the delineation of Italian life and character, and the highest mark of his achievement was probably reached in the "Saracinesca" trilogy of novels. He also made important studies in Italian history, and the books resulting from these studies are almost as readable and entertaining as his books of fiction.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 74 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

##### BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Life of Edgar Allan Poe.** By George E. Woodberry. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5. net.
- The Making of Carlyle.** By R. S. Craig. Illus. in photogravure, large 8vo, pp. 519. John Lane Co. \$4. net.
- Walt Whitman.** By George Rice Carpenter. 12mo, pp. 175. "English Men of Letters Series." Macmillan Co. 75 cts. net.
- Ladies Fair and Frail: Sketches of the Demi-monde During the Eighteenth Century.** By Horace Blackley. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, pp. 328. John Lane Co. \$6. net.
- Memoirs of My Life.** By Francis Galton, F.R.S. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 339. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.
- Jasper Douthitt's Story: The Autobiography of a Pioneer.** With Introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. With portrait. 12mo, pp. 225. American Unitarian Association. \$1.25 net.
- Apollonius of Tyana: A Study of his Life and Times.** By F. W. Groves Campbell, LL.D., with Introduction by Ernest Oldmeadow. 12mo, pp. 120. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1. net.
- Mr. Cleveland: A Personal Impression.** By Jesse Lynch Williams. With frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 75. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50 cts. net.

##### HISTORY.

- Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Interregnum, 1603-1690.** By Richard Bogwell, M.A. In 2 vols., with maps, large 8vo. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$10.50 net.
- The Greatness and Decline of Rome.** By Guglielmo Ferrero. Vol. V., The Republic of Augustus. 8vo, pp. 371. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.
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- The Romance of American Expansion.** By H. Addington Bruce. Illus., 8vo, pp. 248. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.75 net.
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